I objected, Adam said it was for a good cause. She was going to teach "our children." Neither of us had any. I was gay. So far as I know, Adam was straight. Lately he'd thought of getting a dog.

Adam said to consider it this way. I hated Babs didn't I? Yes. Well, wasn't it worth twenty dollars never to see her again? Yes!

Adam drove me to and from the party that was in some horrible middle-class suburban house that Philip was sitting for the weekend. We didn't go shopping any more. That was the last time he took me anywhere in his car. I noticed a plastic water bottle with a hole in it. Adam asked me if I knew what it was. I said it looked like an ordinary bottle to me. He said watch. He removed a wad of tin foil from a corner of the ashtray and carefully unwrapped what looked to me like a little square of shit. At least it was brown and grainy. He said an old high school chum had turned up with it. Watch. He ignited the little brown square on the end of his cigarette and puffed the smoke into the plastic bottle where it swirled thick and heavy. He put his mouth on the gash in the side of it and inhaled deeply. I wish I'd inhaled what was left in the bottle when he handed it back to me, but I didn't. He said it helped him get to sleep at night. It didn't appear to impair his driving.

He said don't tell anyone. Then he said he didn't care.